

Polar Bear Plunge 2000

Anyone interested in learning more about synchronized swimming or attending the beginning synchronized swimming class can e-mail Julia Klein at: jsjak2@uas.alask.edu

Letter to the Editor:

Dear Whalesong Writers,

I know this may be hard for you to hear, but get off yourselves! Who the hell cares that Rob Carruth staring using a condom at 13, are you trying to impress us with your manly prowess? And again with your ability to get "half lit or high." Some of us out there are actually going to amount to something in life, and you have proven right there in writing that you will not. And by the way, it was Tennyson in his poem, "In Memoriam" that said, "It is better to have loved and lost/ Than to have loved at all." But since you seem to know St. Augustine so well possibly you have read this quote from Augustine: Political Writings, "Indeed, if reason and intelligence recede from someone rendered insane by some illness, where would those faculties slumber? The mad, when they speak or act, do many absurd things, for the most part unrelated- indeed opposed- to their own good intentions and inclinations. When we either reflect on or observe what they say and do, if we consider them properly, we are barely- if at all- able to contain our tears."

Emily Lawson
Student

Response to those who think they know me by my writing

By Rob Carruth

Women's History Month. What does a man know about Women's History Month? I know that I need to have more respect for the women in my life, but the fact is that I have no woman in my life. My mother left me when I was three years old and my father raised me. He taught me that women were great and it was always good to have one. Pretty womanizing words, right? How is a man like me, raised without a woman in my life, supposed to know how to treat a woman right? I don't, but I am trying to learn. I have an open mind and am willing to listen to anyone.

My mother, after re-entering my life after 13 years said, "I bet you have trouble with girls because you have no respect for your mother." She was right; I don't have any respect for her. She abandoned me when I was a baby, why should I care about her? Why should I have respect for women, when all my father's girlfriends and my own mother shit on me? You ask me why do I write with such a sexist male perspective? I write the way I write because that is all I know I was raised in a man's world. I am trying. I may be ignorant to women's rights and what is politically correct, but I am trying to learn.

All I know up to this point is what I have lived and what I have experienced. I am not going to sell out and jump on the bandwagon for women's rights. Women's rights! Great! What has a woman done for me? Why should I support women's rights? I'll tell you why, because of history that's why. Women have been oppressed for way to long, since the beginning of time. I also know about being oppressed, I have lived in the ghettos of America I have seen the deaths of my friends how have died for freedom and the right to be more than just a statistic. Nevertheless, women have been oppressed a lot longer. I say to any woman or man of any race that has been oppressed, RISE UP and SPEAK OUT! Do something about it and if you want my support? You've got it.

So what have I learned from Women's month? I've learned that there is a woman in everybody's life that needs a hug and needs respect. Every woman deserves equal rights and the opportunity to rise to the top. Give your support to women's month and our world will be better balanced for it, but what do I know I'm just a man.

Whalesong

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Words of wisdom from Bill Gates

In his book, *The road ahead*, Bill Gates talks about how feel-good, politically correct teachings created a full generation of kids with no concept of reality and how this concept sets them up for failure in the real world. Perhaps we should all take a look and see if we were lucky enough to learn these things.

Here are the 11 rules that Gates says, many high school graduates were not taught in school.

Rule 1-Life is not fair; get used to it.

Rule 2-The world doesn't care about your self-esteem. The world will expect you to accomplish something BEFORE you feel good about yourself.

Rule 3-You will NOT make 40 thousand dollars a year right out of high school. You won't be a vice president with a car phone, until you earn both.

Rule 4-If you think your teacher is tough, wait till you get a boss. She/he doesn't have tenure.

Rule 5-Burger flipping is not beneath your dignity. Your grandparents had a different word for burger flipping; they called it opportunity.

Rule 6-If you mess up, it's not your parents' fault, so don't whine about your mistakes, learn from them.

Rule 7-Before you were born, your parents weren't as boring as they are now. They got that way from paying your bills, cleaning your clothes, and listening to you talk about how cool you are. So before you save the rain forest from the parasites of your parents' generation, try "delousing" the closet in your room.

Rule 8-Your school may have done away with sinners and losers, but life has not. In some schools they have abolished failing grades; they'll give you as many times as you want to get the right answer. This doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to ANYTHING in real life.

Rule 9-Life is not divided into semesters. You don't get summers off and very few employers are interested in helping you find yourself. Do that on your own time.

Rule 10-Television is NOT real life. In real life people actually have to leave the coffee shop and go to jobs.

Rule 11-Be nice to nerds. Chances are you'll end up working for one.

"It could be him."

"You mean HIM?"



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COMMUNICATIONS

A Fine Exchange

Cindy Triebel
Whalesong Reporter

UAS foreign exchange Fine Arts majors Nicola Staff and Amy Jarvis share acquaintances, have enjoyed a few of the same concerts and listen to the same lecturers back home at the University of Wales Institute in Cardiff. Sounds normal enough except that by a peculiar twist of fate the two women didn't meet until a few weeks ago at UAS. With a student enrollment equal to Juneau's population of 30,000; Staff and Jarvis never met at the University of Wales Institute.

Both women are International Student Exchange Program (ISEP) participants who did not expect to wind up in Alaska, and are now very pleased they did.

In Amy Jarvis' case, she selected the warmer Florida on the ISEP application. A student may request a destination even though ISEP ultimately decides where a student will be placed.

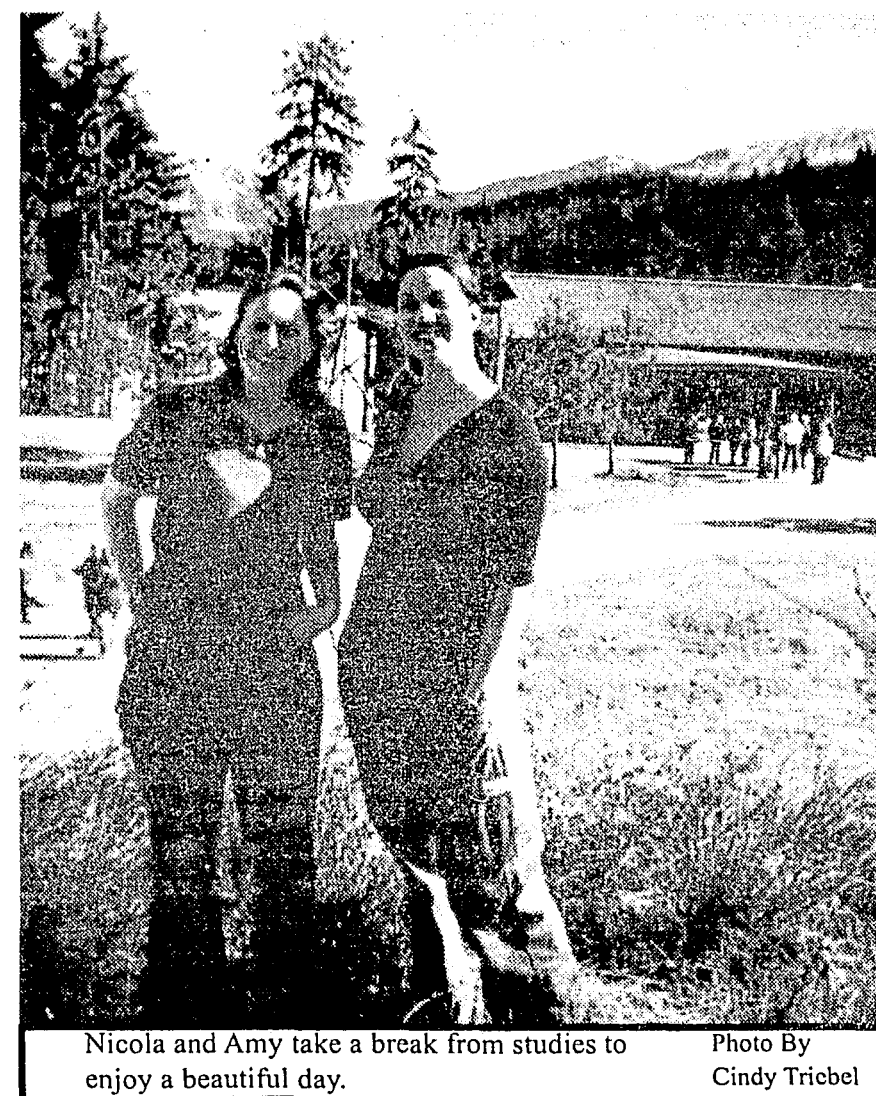
For Jarvis, born and raised in the capitol city of Cardiff, Wales, her letter of acceptance from UAS was received with great surprise. "I thought, Oh, No! I can't go there! I had preconceived ideas about Alaska. Now, I just love it. I will be back."

Nicola Staff grew up in the rural town of Malmesbury, England. Her rural upbringing makes Nicola feel comfortable in Alaska. Staff requested Colorado on her application and was pleasantly surprised to be assigned to Alaska.

In May, the women will return to their summer jobs before finishing up their final year in Cardiff as required. Staff as a

gardener and Jarvis will work a stall at the Edinburgh Festival in Scotland during August. Nicola will make a trip to South Africa before school starts.

Upon graduation, Jarvis would like to pursue a Masters degree while Staff will get some traveling done. In the meantime, the women are enjoying the friendliness and fun of living in the last frontier. They both



Nicola and Amy take a break from studies to enjoy a beautiful day.

Photo By
Cindy Triebel

would like to return to Alaska at some point.

Says Jarvis of her time at UAS. "This is the sort of thing I'll remember for the rest of my life. I'm really happy that I plucked up the courage to come here." Jarvis' brother sent some brotherly advice which suggested she seize the moment while she is here to have all sorts of Alaskan adventures. It is good advice for anyone to heed. However, there is so much to do here, a person can't possibly fit it all into one trip. Unless the trip gets extended for years, which it has for many of us. Good luck girls, have fun. We look forward to seeing you again.

Climb On

By Rob Carruth
Whalesong Reporter

"Remember when sex was safe and climbing was dangerous." I saw this on a bumper sticker on my way in to the Student Activities Center the other day. I went to the SAC to get a free orientation to learn how to climb on the wall safely and with confidence. The \$50.00 wall was made so that it wouldn't have to be monitored, the deal is learn the ropes and watch you and your partner's back. The whole idea behind the two-hour orientation is to make people knowledgeable enough to climb at their own pace.

I learned how to tie figure eight knots, how to check my gear and make sure that it fit and held right. After a great verbal orientation by the climbing wall coordinator, Lucas Gamble, I slipped on my climbing shoes, which were too small by the way, but I heard the SAC was ordering bigger sizes. Then I strap my harness on and was ready to go. Before I just race up the wall, I had to learn some important climbing commands. Before a climber is ready to climb they must first make sure that their belay person is also ready. The belay person is your safety net, bench spotter if you will, they make sure that you also have your gear on properly before climbing. Then the climber says, "climb!" Then the belay person says, "climb on!" Then you begin climbing the wall. As the climber is climbing it is very important that the belay person keeps up with the slack and keeps the rope tight. You don't want any slack, in case the climber falls. Once the climber reaches the top then they say, "take" which means I'm coming down. Then the belay person lowers the climber by releasing the tension on the rope.

I climbed a couple of routes made on the 16-foot high wall and also belayed so that I understand both points of view. The wall isn't very big vertically, but it does have some tricky paths and you can always choose a hard path if you need a bigger challenge.

"Our wall has set a precedent for Juneau, and has so far been a lot of fun," says Lucas as we talk about how handy it is to have indoor climbing walls. "Our wall is a great alternative to the often inclement Juneau weather." Another climber, Terry Schwarz, smiles and says, "It is a great place to train." So if the weather gets you down or if you just want to train on your skills, come down to the SAC, rent some gear for a few bucks, and give you self a challenge.

Top Ten Climbing Wall No-No's

1. Don't use Vaseline to give your hands extra grip
2. Don't climb naked
3. Don't climb drunk
4. Don't have too little tail
5. Don't pick your nose mid reach
6. Don't eat beans prior to climbing
7. Never let 'em see ya sweat
8. Don't try to eat a full course while climbing
9. Don't take Robs advice
10. And finally, don't forget to use protection

By "The Bells"

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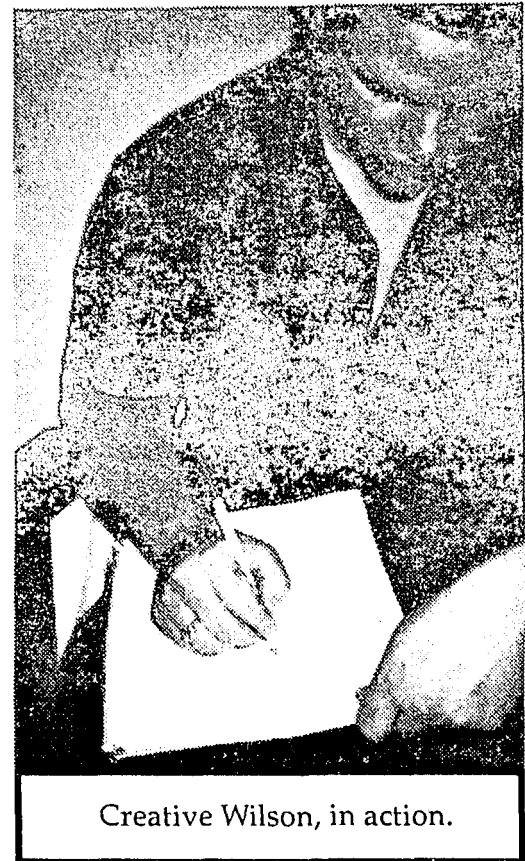
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Ketchikan Humanities

By Wilson Walz
Whalesong Production Manager

The Ketchikan Humanities Beat Poetry Conference was intellectually stimulating, as well as a DAMN GOOD TIME! The plane ride bit the big one...MILK RUN! What a waste



Creative Wilson, in action.

of time. I should have taken the earlier flight but I was too busy sleeping (recovering). Finally arriving in Ketchikan we were told that our bags were left in Juneau do to poor flying conditions. Whatever the real reason was that our bags remained in Juneau could have been attributed to Alaskan Airlines being overly cautious because of the recent disaster of Flight 261. The flight attendants were the nicest and most pleasant that I had ever had, and two were worthy of joining the "Mile High Club." While waiting for the airport ferry, I talked my friends into having a round to celebrate our safe landing. Marla, a Ketchikanite, was one step ahead of me and her experience in dealing with the ferry situation showed. As we waited, I introduced the idea of free writing on the bar napkins, hence giving birth to the infamous "BAR NAPKIN CHRONICLES." As we sat waiting for the ferry, we pondered what the weekend had in store for us, writing, drinking, learning, fornicating...who knows? We finally took the ferry across the channel and rode the hotel shuttle to the Gilmore or "place of small rooms". We divided up into rooms and met at the hotel bar for a refresher and dinner.

After dinner we, my Beat brethren, checked out the bars within a couple of blocks radius. The "Totem" was soon to become a place of inspiration. Eager to attain enlightenment, I bought some Chianti vino and Brad bought peppermint schnapps and we headed into the first night's activities. We staggered to the Salmon Landing Mall and paid \$5 to listen to recited beat poetry and freestyle jazz and to view freestyle expressionistic art, drama, and dancing. We began passing around the wine to try and get into the "Beat" mindset. It was entertaining, but very disorganized. The people involved with the reading of the poetry did well, but the surroundings during the readings were boring and too lame to keep my attention and most of my colleagues attention. So we talked of and in rhyme, entertaining ourselves.

The final poem was "Howl" by Allen Ginsberg. The speaker didn't have his mike turned up enough and the saxophone was too loud for the acoustics of the setting. An easy solution would have been to move the sax farther away from the audience, but whoever was in charge of the performance didn't speak up so I finally did, disrupting the masterpiece that was being presented

in a numbing fashion. He turned up the mike. Great, but he didn't start over and continued from where he was (near the end) and ruined it, at least in my opinion. Don't get me wrong, I love freestyle sax, but the work should have been presented in a clear way, with the sax as an accompaniment.

After the performances, we ventured from bar to bar looking for more inspiration. Looking mostly at the end of a bottle, I noticed something special, a napkin. The infamous "Bar Napkin Chronicles" began to become a staple of each bar we entered. KJ's, First City, Totem, Sourdough, and other bars made for ample refreshment stops.

We hit the First City and I convinced Rob to follow me through the bar. Rob and I had made a drunken pact to accomplish several things while in Ketchikan, one being that we would get into a fight. I walked around loaded, purposely bumping shoulders with the biggest mutha's I could find, but to no avail, no one would challenge my brush-by-o'ers. After what felt like 30 pitchers and with no fights to show, we decided to sing the rest of the bar hours we had away.

Later that evening/morning, we ended up at some restaurant, the name being unimportant, but alas the food was at least filling. Realistically though, I was hungry enough to eat a small village, as were my cohorts Rob, Eric, and Brad. We dined on the exquisite cuisine and caught a cab back to the hotel, except for Rob, who ran the whole \$5 cab fare home in the rain. He sure is fast when he's drunk.

Upon awakening at nine to the ringing of the hotel wake-up call, I ventured to my still passed out friends' rooms so that they could feel as I was feeling. Tired, hung over, and irritated, I called Alaskan Airlines to bug them about our baggage and took a 30-minute power shower. I was told our bags would be delivered around noon, so I gathered the crew and we headed to a bar for a "revitalizer" and some writing. As the saying goes, the cause is the cure. We worked on getting rid of our hangovers and caught the shuttle around noon out to UAS Ketchikan.

Upon arrival at UAS, we found that the conference was on lunch break, so we did our own thing until the conference reconvened. I went to the library and read some Beat works and did some writing. I wrote the following poem then; I read it at the conference concluding, poetry slam.

FADED MORN

JUSES,
lasting impression of a hand job gone wrong,
bleeding, feeding, seeding.

infant squirts of TEAL! Losses of blue pens,
"It's just a slight pinch"
BL OW ME!

Lost, frost, at cost,

Chipper as a newly wed the night of,

Bang out a new feeling of HOPE;

DOPE,

DAMN IT!

AIR BUBB...JLL....!

The poem starts with J E S U S , twisted into JUSES and pronounced as JEWS, US. I was trying to feel as a heroine junky that was shooting up, which turns out to be the last time. The poem was written in, what I had felt at the time, the beat mentality.

The first workshop that I choose to attend was on art that was closely related to the beat poetry movement. The presenter was well organized and entertaining. I didn't want to fall asleep but alas, I dozed for a few when she turned off the lights to present the slide show. The next workshop I chose was mainly a historical forum in which we deliberated over facts of the period of time when the beat poets wrote their beat works. It was all right, but ended up as argument between two older ladies about when acid came to be a widely used, public available drug. The next workshop was a demonstration of what music had influenced and interwoven into the time periods of before and during the beat era. It was decent, but I left wanting more music and less explanation of what each piece meant and where it was derived from. The last workshop was basically a discussion group of different pieces of beat works. It was educational and the interaction between professor and students was outstanding. One of the Ketchikan Arts and Humanities Council members led the discussion and it was entertaining and thought provoking.

I introduced myself to the lone Ketchikan campus 4.0 student and got my friends involved with the future Marine. She helped to make the trip more colorful and fun. She informed us of the local dancing and Karaoke establishments, then I called the shuttle to the Gilmore for some napping and dinner.

We had a group Mexican feast at some little hole-in-the-wall restaurant. The food was decent and I finally got to kick it with the women. What a relief! Finally, some stimulating conversation with people that didn't cuss every other word. Thanks Emily, Steph, and Amber! You brought me back to a more civilized mind set. After dinner we went bar hopping adding additions to the "Bar Napkin Chronicles." We ended at the First City Bar, Ketchikan's version of the Penthouse or Marlinton's. We danced, wrote on the ceiling, and shot pool. More booze and other mind altering additives clouded our judgement. Rob tried his damndest to bed the soon to be Marine, but to no avail.

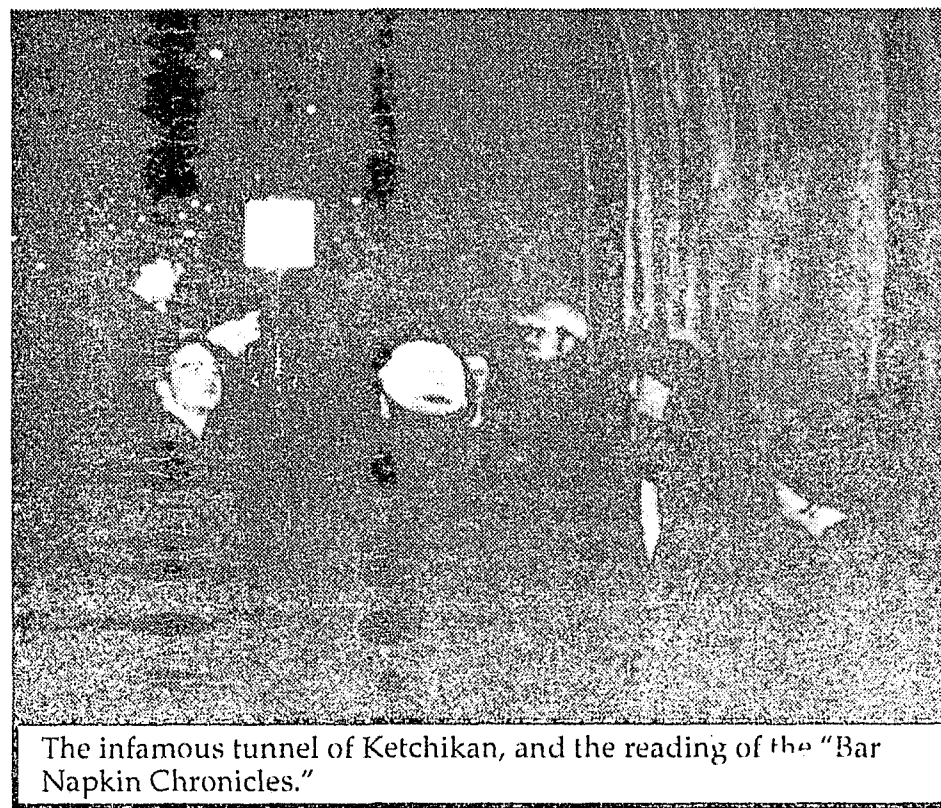
We did KJ's for Karaoke again and donated much to the "4 THE KIDS" net. Johnny Cash made a brief appearance as well as Jim Morrison. We had fun, and after the bar closed down we headed to the tunnel

for some bar napkin poetry. The tunnel was great! Eric read in a drunken belligerent fashion, mastering the beat essence. Others chanted to the god of booze and blunts. While others hummed and howled to the beat of the verse. It was a once in a lifetime moment.

The next morn, I awoke to the smell of smoke and the sound of several of my companions knocking on my door. I answered my door in my briefs and was told that the hotel was on fire! "Are you kidding?" I asked, still half drunk. I quickly threw on some clothes and rumbled down stairs, being sure not to use the elevator, oops, there was no elevator. Sure enough the hotel was on fire, but it was quickly handled by the fire department. Unable to return to my peaceful slumber, we headed to the Totem for breakfast. Three Bloody Marys later, we headed back to Salmon Landing and got ready for the poetry contest.

We took turns reading and had a great time listening to the unique poems. I felt that the judging was biased, but who really cares anyway. It was fun to get up in front of a large crowd of peers and strut my stuff. The prizes were cash and berets, so it didn't mean that much. I drummed with some students for a short while after the slam and wished that I had brought my djembe, and then headed back to the Gilmore to pack. I asked the desk girl to call the shuttle and one came but it turned out to be the \$15 per person shuttle and not the free one. We got duped by the desk clerk. We paid the shuttle fee and flew out to Sitka. At Sitka, I got some delicious coconut cream pie, called my Sitka friends, and witnessed some Tlingit dancing, cool. After taking off to Juneau, I chatted with Rob and thought about the homework I would have to catch up on. We landed back home and my journey was over, or so I thought...but that's another story for another time.

All in all, the trip was a success and helped me to clean out some cobwebs in the old noggin. I wrote numerous poems and walked the path of what I think the beat poets would have walked if they had been in my shoes. I will leave you with a quote from one of my fellow students, "I need some silence, this stuff isn't anything like my poetry, I'm sharper-and softer...SH*T!"



The infamous tunnel of Ketchikan, and the reading of the "Bar Napkin Chronicles."



"Jim" Morrison

Beat Poets Conference

By M.J. Booth
Whalesong Reporter

Having attended the very first Humanities conference in Ketchikan in 1997, I was pleased that I would be able to go to the third of what has now become an annual event. I also had some grasp on the idea of how things would work, not to mention some leverage for a little comparison. Overall, I was extremely tickled for many reasons, first because of the chosen topic "Beat Poetry," second, because I was able to revisit and be guided by the tutelage of some wonderful teachers and third because I was amused to see some of the Juneau students in a less formal scholastic atmosphere.

Over the past few years, I had been doing a bit of my own research on these authors. Kerouac, Ginsberg, Burroughs, Ferlinghetti, McClure and Corso are all names I have heard over the last few years and have begun to read both their own works, and also written works about them (which isn't too difficult since a lot of their stuff is biographical in nature). Considering, I am far from being even a bit competent about any of them (I'm just finishing with my Kerouac phase) this conference gave me the chance at seeing a brief overview of the bigger picture.

The first night of the conference we watched the performances. Clare Patton and Rod Landis did a great job as conference directors. I loved their use of movement between each performance from set to set. Taylor McKenna, Glen Fazakerley, Clare Patton, Karen Hahne and Bob Baker also, did wonderful jobs at directing each act and sharing with a large group of people their interpretations of some interesting poems. One missing link from the presentation was the fact that nobody chose a poem by a female beat poet



Rob Carruth (far left) finds a new idol in "The Howl Man" Bob Baker (far right).

unless you would count the I AM A DANCER exhibit, as it used the spoken words of Martha Graham. Fortunately, during some of the workshops and during the Beat chat before the Poetry Slam, the subject of women was touched upon and I felt encouraged that at least it was acknowledged that there were in fact, several women beat poets. Other less famous male poets of that era were also included.

The following day we listened to the keynote address which, like the first conference, was given by Professor Sandra Young from Sacred Heart University. Like the first year, I found myself thinking she

is an interesting and great speaker, but isn't this a bit long winded? My thoughts were probably influenced by the fact that I knew how the conference is organized to run and I guess I would've enjoyed spending more time going to the workshops. It would be nice to make it to all of them instead of having to choose only four out of six. Unfortunately, because I truly enjoy the thoughts and ideas that are generated from the panel discussions, the keynote speech was the only place that I could foresee making up some extra time, aside from extending the entire conference by a mere two hours. In the long run though, the way it is done now is quite sufficient because it

-----Jack and me livin la Vita loca-----

By Rob Carruth
Whalesong Reporter

Beat Poets, who are they? What did they write? Who were they? They were poets that changed the rules of poetry. They were adventurers that lived life to the extremes, then wrote about it. I never knew who these men were or why they were in a class of their own, until I attended the Beat Poets Humanities Conference in Ketchikan. I went to Ketchikan with an open mind, with a free will, and the lust for whiskey.

The first night in Ketchikan, after a couple of CC&7's, we went to the poetry performance at the Salmon Landing. It really gave me the feel of what beat poetry was like, and how it should be read. After the reading of Allan Ginsberg's "Howl," I totally knew what beat poetry was all about, it was about speaking from the gut. Not staying within the lines or constricted to time limits. It showed me that some writing should not be about conforming to society's pre-made boxes, but to break free from the box. The writing was sometimes careless, and worrying about whether it was following the standards of formulated writing didn't really matter. It was good writing though, the word choice of the poets was awesome and it always seemed to flow. The Beat poets were about living a life of reckless free will. No worries of anything, just living life too it's fullest.

After the second day of the conference, I had learned more about the history of the people involved in the beat poetry movement than I could have imagined. I learned who Jack Kerouac, William S. Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, and Neal Cassidy were what they wrote, and what they stood for. They were travelers of many roads across America and Europe. They also

traveled with merchant marines, even over I ran to the nearest drinking hole I became familiar with Buddhism. They were men with souls that were meant to fly high and soar for miles and miles. They stood for freedom of speech and expression of self through art and literature.

The first workshop that I attended was by far the best. The people involved really had great points of view and the man that was the leader of the workshop did a wonderful job of stimulating thought. We brainstormed ideas of why the beat poets did what they did and how it was relative to what was going on with society at the time.

When the last workshop session was

could find, and had a drink of whiskey and grabbed a bar napkin to write my own poetry on. The workshops inspired many of us to write poetry on bar napkins. The poems were group poems; one would start with a sentence, then pass it to the next until the napkin was full, and then we would start another. It was a great feeling

of collaborations from many of the UAS students who wanted to do more than just go to the workshops. We took the conference a little further. We read poetry to each other late at night and wrote as great poets, at certain points throughout the trip.



The first supper in Ketchikan with most of the "Sketchikan crew."

allows for choices, in case one workshop doesn't look as appealing as another does.

The workshops I did attend were positively thought provoking and informative as well as entertaining. Mike Dunning, Keith Smith and Dave Kiffer are all people that I had the pleasure of listening to and learning from in the past and Mary Ida Henrikson is someone that I have heard of and was thrilled to meet, listen to and learn from.

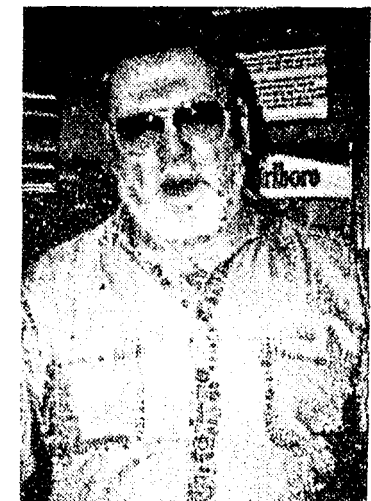
The final day of the performance began with a Beat Chat that was moderated by Beth McLaughlin, who always seems to blow me away with her intelligence and foresight. Robin Visel, who also did a great job with questions and guiding the chat along smoothly, assisted Beth. I never did hear the names of the women involved in this chat, but could tell they were filled with memories and euphoria about the days of the beatniks in coffee houses. Robin also earned a great deal of my respect with a poem she shared during the Poetry Slam. Not surprisingly, she won the First place prize.

It was during this Poetry Slam that I witnessed several unique talents among the Juneau students who attended. Many of them shared their own poetry and I am happy to say that just about every emotion I have evoked that day. I believe that evoking emotions is one of poetry's greatest gifts and I think it was an appropriate end to a good experience.

In conclusion, the third annual humanities conference was a complete success. Of course there were some minor ups and downs, but for the most part the annual conferences provide a great source of knowledge about some engaging topics. I will look forward to attending again in the years to come.

The last day was the Poetry Slam; everyone was given the opportunity to read to the crowd for fun or for some a chance to win several prizes, "gay Paris" berets and money. The poems could be up to three minutes. "Our" collaboration of poems was read. I gave my minutes to Eric Morrison, so that he could read "our" bar napkin poems that lasted about 10 minutes. Some of the other students that helped to write these bar napkin poems did as I. Eric didn't win but it was still rewarding to hear the poem(s) read aloud, knowing that I helped create such a piece of art.

All in all that weekend in Ketchikan was awesome. I learned much about literature of the 1950's, as well as about being free with my writing; sort of capturing the moment in words, much like a photo, but much deeper and meaningful. If nothing else, I made new friends, experienced new things, and had a fulfilling weekend adventure with memories of words and faces that I will never forget.



"What's your poison?" Thanks for helping out the kids K.J.



Bob Baker

3 Letter word for intolerance Is Bob Jones University just another wooden horse?

By Chris Flanagan
Whalesong Reporter

If you're a high school or college student in good standing you may be looking for the growth and freedom of an academic cultural exchange; an extremely interesting academic exchange of the like offered at Bob Jones University in Greenville, North Carolina.

Through your experience of living in this tightly wound community and attending this prominent institution, you'll interact with friends, you'll get the opportunity to learn their language, witness their culture, gain an understanding of their heritage, even feel their rage. Studies show—immersion- is the finest avenue into the twin towers, of an alien culture and scholarship. To help you decide whether you are ready for the challenge, lets cast an eye towards Bob Jones University, known to some simply as BJU.

You may have heard of Bob Jones University since the Republican Party began courting the Christian right; candidates Pat Buchanan, Ronald Reagan, Bob Dole, Dan Quayle and others have campaigned at the school in the past. George Bush recently spoke there. BJU Chancellor Bob Jones III supports George Bush for the Presidency.

From Kindergarten through Doctorate programs, the school of 5000 students in the Appalachian foothills city of Greenville offers more than 110 undergraduate majors, from Electrical Engineering and Aviation Management to Bible Teaching, and 55 graduate degrees, most of those religiously oriented. Bob Jones University is the largest publisher of home-school curriculum in the country.

Students pay \$9,960 a year for tuition and room and board. More than 80 percent of the student body are from out of state. Many graduates have gone on to make names for themselves, among them are U.S. Sen. Tim Hutchinson and U.S. Rep. Asa Hutchinson, both of Arkansas. The latter was one of the prosecutors at President Clinton's impeachment trial. The 70,000 plus graduates go on to work for the military, the government, and such companies as Merrill Lynch, Disney, Philip Morris, RNC, IBM, NBC, Budweiser, and Time Warner Corporation.

The school sits within tall gilded iron gates. Guards patrol the perimeter. Inside, there are 200 acres of lawns, bushes, wild bunnies scurrying about, patios, statues, pseudo-gothic buildings, manicured gardens, and towering oaks. On some mornings the mist drifts down from the Appalachian Mountains to mingle around the courtyards and tall oak trees. On mornings like these BJU could pass for a New England Ivy League campus; academic utopia. Endowments and holdings make it one of the richest family held corporations in the south. That's quiet POWER!

Clearly, BJU is a school that bravely navigates the cutting edge of religious and political philosophy... circa 1890. In angry language reminiscent of domestic terrorist groups, doomsday cults, and the Ku-Klux-Klan, a contrite Bob Jones III explains BJU's Philosophy to an LA Times reporter in 1983: "Abortion, intermarriage, race mixing, Catholics, Jews, Mormons, Buddhists, Muslims, gays...these are unnatural abominations, the adulterer and the homosexual are no more than criminals—these are sinful abominations for Hell to deal with. It is the biblical world vs. humanist world view."

The Jones' philosophy derives from a belief that Noah's three sons fathered three races: Caucasians, Jews and Blacks/Asians, and that of those three, blacks and Asians are cursed races, that mixing with those

races subjects whites to this curse as well, and that God demands that these races be kept separate otherwise they will rise up against God.

In the article, "Bob Jones University: New Curricula for Bigotry," The Nation, 27 March 1965, 327-328, a representative for BJU explained their scriptural command for racial purity. "The university believes that race is determined by descent from one of Noah's three sons - Ham, Shem, and Japheth. Based on our interpretation, Orientals and Negroes are Hamitic, Hebrews are Shemitic, and Caucasians are Japhethitic. Cultural or biological mixing of the races is a violation of God's command."

In the mind of Bob Jones III, it was the Hamitic people, from whom Orientals and Negroes were descended, that God cursed. Bob Jones Jr wrote, "God has decreed the Negro to be 'a servant's servant'; the Negro is happier when waiting tables -when serving mankind in special ways that God intended." And In the Case of I.R.S. vs. B.J.U in 1982, current president Bob Jones III said:

The Negro is best when he serves at the table, when he does that, he's doing what he knows how to do best. And the Negroes who have ascended to positions in government, in education, this sort of thing, I think you'll find, by and large, have a strong strain of white blood in them. Now, I'm not a racist and this school is not a racist institution. I can't stress that enough. But what I say is purely what I have been taught, and what I have been able to study is the teaching of the scripture."

This is the answer Jones sent to a mixed race student inquiring about admission:

"God has separated people for His own purpose. He has erected barriers between the nations, not only land and sea barriers, but also ethnic, cultural, and language barriers. God has made people different one from another and intends those differences to remain. All efforts of man to bring the world together in unity—plays into the hand of Antichrist. This first began at the Tower of Babel, and it will culminate at Armageddon."

Religion, it seems, has become the last remaining rationale for bigotry. After all, "I don't like blacks," "They are inferior," or "I can't stand fags" and other such sentiments have become unacceptable in public. Saying it is God's will is more socially acceptable.

Wayne Mouritzen is a 60 year-old retired gay minister, and a graduate of Bob Jones U. Last October he received a letter from the university which stated, "As long as you are living as a homosexual, you, of course, would not be welcome on the campus and would be arrested for trespassing if you did visit. "Though demagogues will protest, it is true that there were no theological or church movements to ban homosexuality until... now get this... until the early 1960's-which doesn't altogether jive with what conservatives are saying (i.e....ancient taboo).

The University's web site likens Catholicism and Mormonism to cults and says the university is the work of God and "exists against all human odds."

A policy of accepting Oriental students while discouraging black students was reinforced by Don Wilson, a member of BJU's board of trustees,

"It seems obvious to me that Blacks are notoriously troubling our nation today while Orientals happily abide by our laws and respect the rights of others. Surely, if Orientals presented the problems that Negroes do, they too would be denied entrance to any institution having standards."

The actions and policies of BJU prompted the Reverend Fred Price of

Compton, California to say this from his pulpit:

"Don't shake my hand and act like you love me as long as our children are little babies, but when they start to be teenagers and start getting eyes for each other, and they want to date, then you want to start acting funny. Be honest about it; tell me from day one that you don't like black folks, and you don't like the possibility of some black folk in your family."

The legal fight to get blacks into BJU lasted from 1970 to 1983. The first black accepted lasted less than a month before he left. The school won't release his name. None attend BJU today.

It's hard to know what it's like to live at Bob Jones U. because the student handbook has never "officially" been seen by an outsider. Over the years, one or two have been smuggled out and quoted in various anti-hate literatures, as well as academic dissertation or two. By way of a much quoted 1976 copy of the BJU Handbook, and 70 years of empirical evidence, a few of the rules are well known.

Unlike many exchange opportunities, this area of the country is blessed with beautiful mountains and a dependable transportation system, but you won't need it... because it is practically unlawful to leave campus, or mix with the outside world while attending BJU.

But that's OK, because there's a pool... and a... "dating salon," and those courtyards I mentioned; exciting stuff. It is unlawful for a student to listen to or themselves play or sing, jazz, rock, folk, blues, and especially contemporary African-American urban music; one trespass and you're out! Women cannot wear slacks. No male may walk with a female on campus unless both have a legit reason for going in the same direction. Couples must not invent reasons to be going the same direction. Off campus dating is against the rules. One cannot go to see movies. To be caught with a blanket anywhere on campus but in one's room is illegal, and again, grounds for expulsion. Males and females must keep a six-inch space between their bodies at all times, AND NO HANDHOLDING!

There is one place you can date; the "dating salon" in the student center. There, dates are timed to 120 minutes. They are chaperoned, watched, and monitored. Dancing, kissing, hand holding and smoking, are all grounds for expulsion. Races are discouraged - in the extreme - from mixing under any circumstances, even forbidden until recently. That change will effect little. Mixed marriage is still grounds for expulsion. Reading, possessing or associating with anyone who advocates mixed marriage is grounds for immediate expulsion.

There is no mixing, sexually or racially, in the gymnasium, swimming pool, tennis courts, or in intramural sports or housing. Any student who knows of a violation and fails to report it is as guilty as the sinner, and is to be shamed and expelled. The rules apparently have no end. The student handbook states students shall not mix with the outside world, patronize stores or businesses that sell any alcohol, pornography, or literature or newspapers critical of BJU, and bans speaking negatively of BJU to reporters, or outsiders, especially non-Christians. Students shall not possess, purchase, or read, any text critical of BJU, its policies, or its church sect. Can I get a witness?! Is this beginning to sound ironically Soviet? Social History is a most fascinating web of ironies.

The million-dollar question is why? Why start a college so repressive? The answer is that a proud son of the south, Bob Jones Sr., established the institution in 1925 as a direct reaction to the infamous Scopes

Trial in which the humanist theory of evolution was struck down in favor of biblical creationism.

Bob Jones Sr. was born to a Protestant family in Alabama. His father was a confederate soldier, wounded at the Battle of Chickamanga. Jones developed into a strict supporter of Anglo-purity, apartheid, separatism, fundamentalism, and into a proponent of the period's Jim Crow laws (read: Let's drag one!)

In 1928, Bob Jones Sr. answered a call to campaign for presidential candidate Herbert Hoover. With evangelist Billy Sunday, Jones campaigned for Hoover bellowing the hookline, "I'd rather see a nigger in the Presidency than a Catholic!" Hoover won the election. In 1971 Bob Jones Jr. handed the Chancellorship of the University over to one of his sons, Bob Jones III. In 1978 Bob Jones Sr. had this to say upon the death of Pope Paul, "He was the arch-priest of Satan, an anti-Christ and deceiver, he is like Judas, gone to hell."

This reporter researched the matter and found that the Pope WAS a politician, and therefore prone to deception, but was unable to confirm Jones' other accusations. Regrettably (?), in 1997 Bob Jones Sr. ended his mortal tenure and joined the great organization upstairs.

But not to worry, the son is said to be just as zealous as the father! So there's sure to be more to come if George Bush, like Hoover, is successful in appealing to this constituency, as a successful avenue to gain the office of the Presidency. So that's what you have in the Jones family, and Bob Jones University. But the point is, who would hire this guy to baby-sit their children? People do.

The courts have gone out of their way to assert the religious freedom of BJU to practice religion unhindered - and yes, even to engage in racial discrimination. Their point is that such discrimination has been judged by the American people to be an evil, and the nation need not, and indeed has chosen not, to support it by granting it a tax exemption. The Supreme Court said (See-U.S. Constitution): "a right granted to one must be granted to all, it is better to allow those who preach racial hate to expend their venom in rhetoric rather than to be panicked into embarking on the dangerous course of permitting the government to decide what its citizens may say and hear. In effect, the courts have found that racial discrimination in education violates every fundamental national public policy, as well as the rights of individuals, and though we can't ban such expression, we should not pay for it either."

It's a hard reality to acknowledge, that racism is allowed to openly exist at a major university in this nation, let alone that it must be tolerated under the law. But, the freedom that allows Bob Jones University to engage in its racist policies also allows those who disagree with them to speak out against racism. The freedom that allows the Ku Klux Klan or the Nazi party to demonstrate for their belief systems allows those who disagree with them the freedom to respond accordingly. The right to act upon one's beliefs within the boundaries of the law includes the right to act wrongly on one hand, yet it allows the opposing point of view the opportunity to act as well. Bob Jones University's paranoid, segregationist policies are reminiscent of the saddest days of our nation's struggle for equality for all Americans.

But... if you're still interested, and financing is a problem, Federal and State aid, grant funds, and scholarships are available to qualified applicants.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus."

"The House of Blue Leaves" review

Rob Carruth
Whalesong Reporter

"The House of Blue Leaves," wow what a kooky play. I really like John Guare's style of writing, when he wrote this play he really outdid himself. It's has the funniest lines I have ever heard in a play. Perseverance did a great job with this play, the acting was wonderful and the dialog kept me on the edge of my seat.

The whole play takes place in one day; a day that the Pope comes to New York City to speak at Yankee Stadium. The characters are all a little crazy and Artie Shaughnessy, the main character's wife, is very loony. Artie found himself a girlfriend who lives in the apartment below him. His wife Bananas Shaughnessy spends most of her time in her room scared to face the realities of life. Artie's girlfriend Bunny tries to convince him to put his wife in a mental home so they can run off to Hollywood to make it big with one of Artie's best friends is a Hollywood director, and he wants to write the scores for his movies.

Besides the fact that all the charters in this play are loony, even the nuns, it is the beginning of the second act that really made

me laugh. All the characters in the play except Billy the director, are in the room at the same time, and man does it get wild. The nuns are chasing after Artie's boy, Ronnie, for tickets to go see the Pope, where the son planned on giving the Pope a bomb. A guy from the nut house has come to pick-up Bananas but takes Bunny instead. The MP is after Ronnie for deserting the Army and Artie is trying to figure out what in the hell is going on. Ronnie tosses the bomb to Corinna Stroller, Billy's girlfriend, who came to give Artie a bottle of Jack Daniels and some flowers. She walks out and "BOOM!" Then the guy from the nuthouse runs back in saying, "That was fun let's do it again." I can't even explain how crazy that was, the strobe lights were going and Ronnie was kissing one of the Nuns. Wow! That whole scene was the same, but like on an acid trip.

The whole play revolves around a very serious theme, love. The "House of Blues Leaves" makes you contemplate what love's really worth and what sacrifices must be made to attain it and to hold on to it. All in all, this was a very moving story that is defiantly worth the investment of your time and money.



Patrick Moore (Artie) and Alanna Malone (Bunny) in the first Act argue about breakfast and putting Artie's wife in a mental institution.

Write for the Whalesong!! Give us your thoughts.

If you don't like what your reading, than write something better!
Have your voice heard.

Cristopher Carter Hypnotist/Metalist Back by popular demand!



March 31 - 8 pm - SAC
FREE to SAC Members - \$5 General Admission



Saturday March 25 ♦ 5 pm ♦ 1-7 pm ♦ SAC
Free - SAC members - \$5 General
Tickets at the door

T's Horoscopes "The real deal"

Pisces

February, 20-March, 20

You've made it through midterms alive. Enjoy your spring break and get the rest and relaxation you deserve.

Aries

March, 21-April, 20

Now is a good time for experimentation. Enjoy the weather and go for a walk. Use that time to reflect on your life so you might gain some understanding of the world.

Taurus

April, 21-June, 21

You're moving up in the world. It seems like you're growing in more ways than one. Keep up the good work B. This month you are compatible with Sagittarius.

Gemini

June, 22-July, 21

Shut your big mouth this week. You still can't admit you're wrong. You must get in touch with your inner child.

Cancer

June, 22-July, 22

It seems like life is moving way too fast for you. Take a breather and enjoy spring break.

Leo

July, 23-August, 22

The chance for you to make some money is here. Utilize your time wisely and you will profit in all areas of life.

Virgo

August, 23-September, 23

It's time you take control of your life. Stop letting people push you around. You know that you should be leading the group and not following it. So do something about it.

Libra

September, 24-October, 22

I hope you found your Valentine's Day love. If not, keep trying. If you have any love questions just drop a note in the WhaleSong box for Dr. Love.

Scorpio

October, 23-November, 22

Stay on the down low this spring break Scorpio, there is trouble around every corner and it has your name on it.

Sagittarius

November, 22-December, 21

Love is knocking on your door, all you have to do is open it. Let someone else into your life it might be the best move you have ever made. This month you are compatible with Taurus.

Capricorn

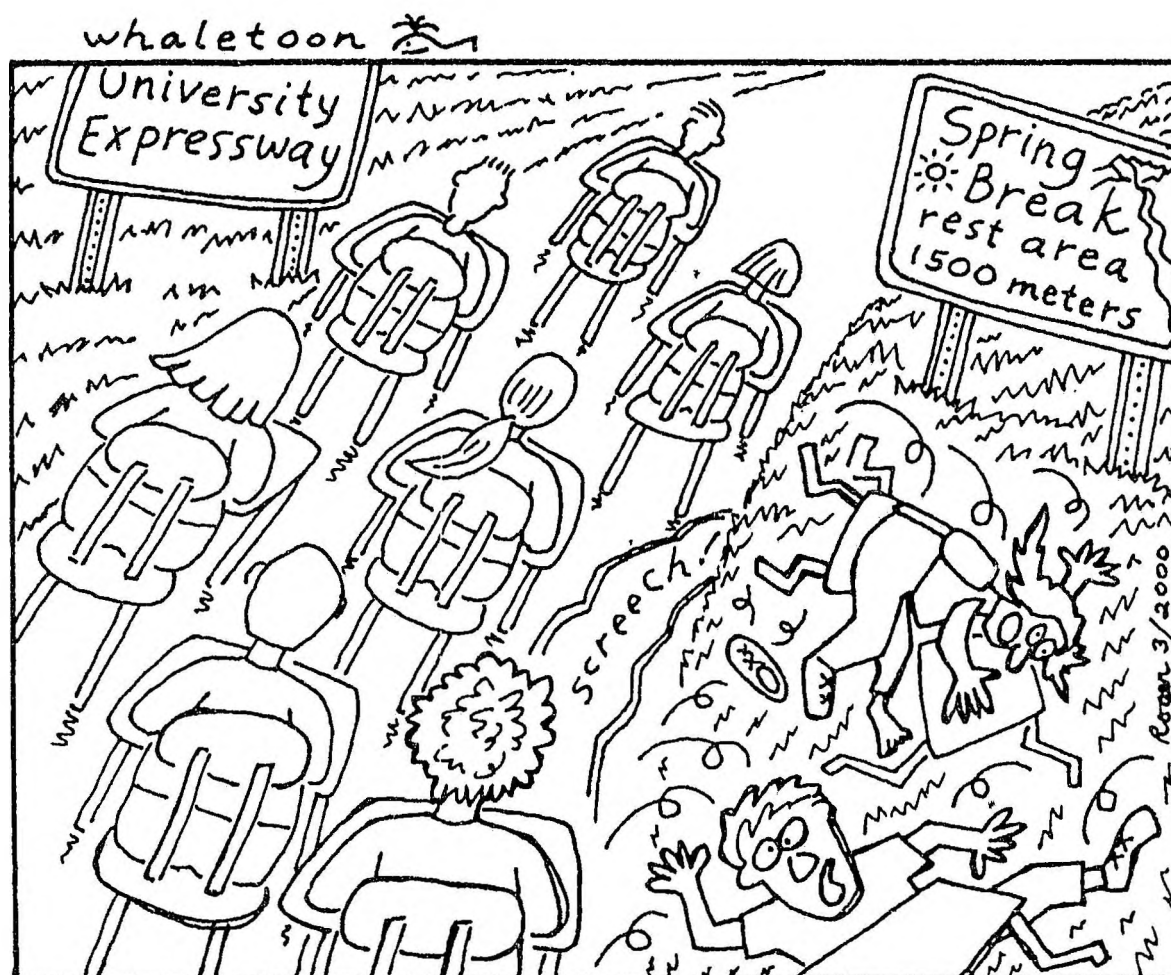
December, 22-January, 20

It looks like your going to have fun next week. Just remember who you are and what you stand for.

Aquarius

January, 21-February, 19

Let your creativeness get the best of you this week. Take some time to your-self and remember the little things in life that make you happy.



To the Philosopher

*I wish I were a book that you covet,
then I could lie about the space where
you live. You would pick me up and gently
open my cover, cradle my spine, your
fingertips brushing from one page to the next
as you devour and digest the knowledge discovered
inside me.*

*The joy, amazement, curiosity, yearning for deeper
understanding of my mysteries cause you to
lift me again, to examine more closely my essence.
You cannot put me down; you fervently grasp the
entirety of my substance—with such passion,
that, somnolent—you embrace me, close to your
chest, only to expose my innermost secrets
upon your waking.*

—Mari

High Altitude Desert

*The wind, a constant factor which carries a taste
that becomes a welcoming familiarity and a communication between land and roamer
The mounds of snow that hold a single drop of water*

*It is an unimaginable place that reflects colors
of true intensity, which nurture the soul
and challenge those willing to take the risk of truly seeing them*

*Sparseness and vastness do not represent simplicity
here they challenge the boundaries of complexity
Adaptations become focused and fine-tuned
The desert is a teacher of regulation and conservation
...but maybe all is learned and a WIPP road should be constructed.
-Desert Junkie*

Ask Dr. Love

**For he knows all
about romance**

Dear Dr. Love
What are your
feelings on May-
December
relationships?

Just make sure it's legal.
But in order for these
relationships to work
the maturity level must
be equal. If the
relationship is based on
lust it probably won't
work.

Dear Dr. Love
My boy friend is
leaving the country
for six months.
Should I attempt a
long distance
relationship?

If you think it can work
by all means try. Don't
lead him on if you don't
want a relationship.
Just remember that
you're still young and
that there are plenty of
fish in the sea.

Dear Dr. Love
My girlfriend told
me that she cheated
on me but says that
we should still be
together. I still like
her but I don't know
if I can ever trust
her again.

Once the bonds of trust
have been broken they
are very hard to
rebuild. You can stick
with if you want but
don't expect things to
go back to being
perfect.

The soul that can speak
with its eyes can also
kiss with its gaze.
Unknown

Love is an irresistible
desire to be desired
irresistably.
Unknown